

# DISCONTENT

"MOTHER OF PROGRESS"

Entered at the Postoffice at Home, Wash., as Second Class Matter.

VOL. III. NO. 20.

HOME, WASH., WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1900.

WHOLE NO. 124.

## THE CHRISTIAN ANARCHY OF TOLSTOY.

The count thinks the Socialists great enemies of the kingdom of God, and when I expressed my astonishment at this he replied: "Socialism differs from the slavery of the past only in this: the priests and masters of the past said, 'You are slaves now and must remain slaves, but there is a future life; there you will be free and happy regardless of what kind of life you live here.' The Socialist also promises a heaven for the future—he says in substance, 'It does not matter what you do now and how you live now; some day in the future, when we make laws enough, you will have a heaven upon earth, streets of gold and gates of pearl.' That is certainly no solution of the social problem. There is only one solution—what Christ said—sacrifice! That is the only solution—not laws, not organizations, not force of any kind—only sacrifice. Just as soon as a man is working for himself only he is working for this new slavery. Socialism is organized selfishness. The future belongs not to what you call Christian Socialism, but to what I call Christian Anarchy."

He saw a look of disapproval on my face and quickly said: "Oh, no; not terrorism—that is not Christian certainly—but Anarchy! The word sounds terrible, but we will get used to it as we have gotten used to the just as terrible word Socialism. In future years there will be no king, no president, no soldiers, no force of any kind, and that is Anarchy—where a man does everything because he wants to and nothing because he has to. At the root of all evil is force. It begets strikes and wars, it makes prisons and gallows necessary, and just as soon as you obey the commandment of Jesus we will have no war, no prisons, no police, and the perfect Christian society."

"And you have entered the ministry," he said, abruptly, and fixed his gray eyes upon me and searched me in a disapproving way, "that is bad," and he shook his head. "That is not Christian; you disobey Christ's commandment. He said, 'Call no man teacher.' You say," he said again, abruptly, "you say you are a Christian minister and that you keep property. You help your government kill the Filipinos. If you do that you are not a Christian, and you teach your people a lie." And on the question of the so-called imperialism he gave me the following peppery sentence: "You Christians are worse than the Mohammedans. They preach war, and consistently they fight. You preach liberty and peace, and you go out to conquer through war." To Tolstoy there is only one nation—of all men. What we call patriotism is a very abhorrent word to him. Asking him for a message to his friends in the States he said, somewhat reluctantly, "Tell them to be true, to be loving, to be simple."—Interview by Edward A. Steiner, in November Outlook.

The language of Tolstoy, as given in this interview, does not make very plain his idea of the likeness of the heaven of the Socialist state to the heaven of the Christian, except that both will be a

state of slavery; there must be a submission of the individual in the one case to the direction of a priesthood and in the other to laws—"when we make laws enough you will have a heaven upon earth."

He denounces selfishness. "Socialism is organized selfishness." His idea seems to be that the Socialist thinks that by plenty of organization—laws enough—a state of happiness for him will be brought about independent of individual effort on his part—that he will receive happiness from the act of the whole society, as the Christian believer thinks he will ultimately by the will of God. It is a happiness which is to come to him not from his own endeavor but from a superior power which will confer it on him. The selfishness of the Christian Socialist is in looking to this source external to himself for happiness. The alternative, to Tolstoy, is what he calls sacrifice, to give up looking to others, to God, to society, for help. The individual shall help himself by doing what he wants to. Reliance upon government, upon help from a social combination, like reliance upon the grace of God, is selfish and futile; it would be practically a state of slavery. "Socialism would be slavery." Sacrifice the disposition to get something from others, give up making laws to compel others to make for you happiness, do everything because you want to and nothing because you have to, this is Tolstoy's conception of Anarchy.

It is interesting in the same journal to read a description of the evil effects upon character of a reliance upon government from the pen of Washington Booker, the negro writer, in what he saw in Washington:

"I saw young men who received \$75 or \$100 a month from the government who are in debt at the end of the month. I saw men who but a few months previous were members of congress without employment and in poverty. Among a large class there seemed to be dependence upon the government for every conceivable thing—with no ambition to create a position for themselves, but wanting federal officials to create one for them. The city was crowded with colored people, drawn there because they felt they could lead a life of ease. How I wished I had the power to carry them away and plant them again upon the soil, on the solid foundation of Mother Nature, where support may be slow and toilsome but is real."

As Sancho Panza would say, "this is only tarts and cheese cakes" to what we should see under a socialistic government.

NO ANARCHIST.

## A MATERIALISTIC VIEW OF LOVE.

The truth may be less romantic than speculation, but nevertheless it is interesting, and more likely to give final satisfactory result to the investigator.

Love is a phenomenon, and every phenomenon must have a base for its starting and an object for its impression—adhesion, affinity, or the like; the phenomenon of love is no exception, and I

will discuss it from a materialistic standpoint, for, to me, there is nothing conceivable without a material object to impress itself on our senses.

I always look for facts, cold these may be, but not so disappointing as mere speculation, especially when the facts can be analyzed and proven. I assume that everything is matter, or manifestation of matter, and all phenomena nothing else but the manifest motion of matter, and until we fathom and ascertain the origin of crude matter all our ambiguous ideas and speculations will be of little or no moment, but the instant we comprehend the incipient beginning of the crude elements, and can follow the processes of formation into the different shapes and forms, then the origin of all phenomena will be comparatively easy to ascertain with a little intelligent effort, the phenomenon of love not excepted.

What is love, and how does it manifest itself? Is it a cause or a result? If we follow the law of nature we must come to the conclusion that love is a result, caused by moving matter; although it gives the incentive to highest happiness it is nevertheless only the result of a certain vibration of atoms, constituting a system. In the friction of the atoms so organized there is produced a certain quality of magnetism which, being emitted and coming into contact with other magnetism sympathetic in its nature, radiating from out of another system, causes a more or less intense longing or desire for combination; the blending of such magnetic fluids from two or more objects into a harmonious one produces the most exalted state of pleasure and feeling which the human mind is apparently capable of—and all language fails to describe it.

So long as the magnetic power of attraction lasts, so long will love last, but when once exhausted the love will flee, cease. By the radiation from our body of the magnetic element we are put into a state of longing, but the moment we come in contact, through any one of our senses, with a similar magnetic element emanating from a system or body of the opposite sex, at that moment the phenomenon of love manifests itself, being produced by the blending of the opposite elements, in which state our individuality seems to merge in the individuality of the object of our affection.

To love we must be brought in contact with the object of our devotion through the agency of some of our senses, or it would be impossible to enter into the sought-for union. If we cannot see, hear, smell, taste or feel the object, how can we decide the nature of its constitution and form a judgment of its congruity, or the reverse, for the purpose of acceptance or rejection? So I conceive that love is nothing else than an accidental phenomenon, produced by manifest vibrations of matter.

Is love lasting? Assuredly; everlasting as matter itself, and also indestructi-

ble like its producer, matter; it is also shifting, it may take possession for a short period or may last as long as the system by which it is emanated lasts and the opposite system is in proper condition to receive the magnetic force so irradiated; that condition will exist so long as both objects are in possession of the possibility of creating the needed magnetism, and only with their dissolution will come the end (apparently).

It always requires more than one object to excite the mind into that state the consummation of which is love, and the objects will always be found to be of the opposite sex, a negative and positive, and at their approximation a vehement desire for a union will manifest itself.

We find the same analogy in all matter, from the simple to the most complex aggregation, and from the lowest to the highest organism.

In some instances, seemingly sympathetic, congenial natures when combined result in disruption, whereas, on the other hand, seemingly antagonistic substances, or bodies, when united result in a beautiful harmony of lasting duration, the result of which is love.

Every individual and every object in existence is a system of itself, and each one possesses properties of its own, subject to constant changes; it absorbs and rejects, emitting the superfluous particles that are no longer needed in its construction, and, at the same time, absorbs new material—other elements needed in its construction, which elements may have been rejected by other bodies. If the elements so absorbed are beneficial (which will be determined by their assimilation) harmony will result, which will produce love.

In summing up we find that love is nothing else but matter in motion, which, by constant vibration, produces friction, which, in turn, emits magnetism—of different degrees according to the rapidity of motion and vibration—and these different magnetic elements flow, seeking their components for assimilation, and when such congenial objects are blended in harmonious proportions the result is a state of bliss—love.

E. F. ROTSHOCK.

Tacoma, Wash.

## DEFENSE FUND.

Readers of Free Society are asked to forward aid for the defense of Comrade J. H. Cook, who was arrested for exercising free speech in Providence, December 7. Remit cash to Kate Stedley, Room 7, 910 Westminister street, Providence, R. I.

This is another of the many attempts to suppress Anarchist propaganda in Providence. Comrade Cook was addressing an open-air meeting in a public square when arrested. This privilege is denied in Providence to none but Anarchists. With proper assistance, Comrade Cook believes that he can make a winning fight against police tyranny.—Free Society.



## DISCONTENT

"MOTHER OF PROGRESS".

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT HOME, WASH., BY  
DISCONTENT PUBLISHING GROUP.

50 CENTS A YEAR

Address all communications and make  
all money orders payable to DISCON-  
TENT, Home, Pierce County, Wash.

## THOUGHTS AND FEELINGS.

In a previous article, published in DISCONTENT, No. 115, I advanced the assertion that the thoughts which are expressed by writers through what is termed "inspiration" are already in existence in the universe around us, and the sentiments of sympathy which thus find expression for those who suffer from lacerated feelings are responsive to the yearnings of the sad, despairing hearts reaching out for sympathy from those in whom such feelings meet with a responsive chord.

There is now a strong belief in the minds of many thinkers that the theory known as "thought transference" is just as often impressions of feelings and that the "evidence" adduced as proof of "thought transmission" can be applied with equal force to the theory of transmission of feelings, and is confirmed by every-day experiences by almost every individual who gives the subject a moment's thought. When our surroundings are agreeable we think agreeable thoughts and our feelings correspond with our thoughts and surroundings. But the moment something happens to disturb our pleasant surroundings we not only suffer from lacerated feelings but often find ourselves unable to even think effectually and clearly enough to control our emotions.

Now, according to the theory advanced by Mental Science our thoughts must be affirmative and positive in order to be effective, and if this is correct then the thoughts of a mind which is weakened and confused by lacerated feelings, extreme and prolonged mental torture and anxiety, surely cannot be capable of making sufficiently strong impressions to be read a thousand miles away, and if any impression is made manifest there is no indisputable proof that such impressions, if made at all, that is, not being imaginary, were not made by the feelings rather than the thoughts of those by whom they were projected. For if the feelings were so strong as to almost paralyze the action of the mind they surely were more capable of making an impression than a feeble mental power.

There are but few individuals who have not learned from actual experience that we suffer sympathetically with those dear to us when they are suffering from severe trials and sorrows. And if this participation through sympathy with our immediate associates in both their happiness and sorrow has been demonstrated by experience, why is it not also possible to experience these impressions when the very air in which we live and breathe wafts in every breeze the sighs and groans of a suffering multitude in every quarter of the globe?

No doubt there are many who cannot believe that the very air is laden with despair and sorrow, but let them search in any direction they may choose, and

they will find enough to satisfy them that even one half has never been told. They will find that there are multitudes who suffer on in silence till they can contain their grief no longer and that only at this stage will their suffering be made known. As an illustration of this character I will quote the following from a letter which I received with a number of others of similar character in response to the article referred to at the beginning of this, to show the probability of unknown thousands of others all around us who are suffering in silence while enduring a similar fate because intimidated and crushed by a tyrannizing husband or checked by the fear of social ostracism. This is what she writes:

"Dear Sir: I write to obtain information concerning the order of the M. A. C. A. and to learn whether there is any hope for a down-trodden, oppressed, unhappy woman who is struggling to be free, to be benefited in any way, or assisted in becoming self supporting and independent by becoming a member of the order. If you can give me any advice, or think you can, or can give me any encouragement that will be of any advantage to me, or help to brighten my life in any degree, you may enroll my name as a member. My occupation is that of the legal slave of a man, required to submit to being ground under the heel of man's iron rule."

Now, if I should assert that I had written the sentiments which drew forth the words expressed in the above because I was "inspired" by the feelings which impelled the expression of those sentiments, all my radical friends would doubtless come to the conclusion that I was making preparations for the lunatic asylum. The advocates of Spiritualism would make the subject clear as day by asserting that the "inspiration" was a message from the spirit side of life, either by some of my "guides" or some spirit sympathizer of this poor, unhappy woman. That the "spirits" had "impressed" me to give expression to those sentiments in order to draw her out and put her in communication with the sympathizing friends she would gain thereby and who would comfort her and brighten her sad life by words of cheer and consolation till the darkest hours had passed. The Mental Scientist would say it was "mind reaching mind," while Materialists would say it was nothing but "imagination." As for myself, being an Agnostic, and the evidence being confusing, I shall have to acknowledge that I really do not know which is correct, but am strongly inclined to the theory of the sympathies and feelings, for the following rational reasons as a fair illustration:

The barometer and thermometer register the atmospheric changes through the medium of a something which we cannot yet define, but which appears to be akin to sympathy and feeling. The human body senses heat and cold without a thought of either (excepting passively, perhaps), all of which confirms the theory that impressions of the feelings which prevail in society are just as contagious as an epidemic of disease, and are felt by all who are susceptible to similar impressions through their sensitiveness of feeling or sympathetic receptibility. This is forcibly illustrated in epidemics of war, strikes, riots, mob violence, patriotic, political and religious enthusiasm when the "waves" of intensity of feeling which prevail have been known to convert whole communities of ordinarily well-behaved people

into howling mobs of savages that would have terrorized the inmates of a lunatic asylum.

Now, then, if such demonstrations of the influence of feeling are acknowledged without dispute on such marked occasions it must also be acknowledged that the feelings of joy and sorrow, despair and hope, pain and pleasure, are sensed by those who are susceptible to such feelings, although, perhaps, in a less marked degree than when the feelings of great numbers are concentrated on some special occasion.

There has never been a time when despondency and suicide claimed so many victims as it does today, most of whom, no doubt, were driven to despair by the feelings of unfriendliness, inhuman selfishness and coldness which prevail in society, while the feelings of fraternity, brotherhood, sympathy and love have been sacrificed to greed, mercenary motives and the "golden calf." The spirit of humanity has been ignored so long that the clouds of sorrow, despair and gloom which hover over us like a pall in consequence of isolation, coldness and estrangement are compelling the acknowledgment that life is but a dream without the full and free enjoyment of a real and living brotherhood of man by all who long for sociability, sympathy and companionship in preference to a hermit's life. There are thousands all around us longing for that life elixir, love, which has the power of doing more to strew life's path with roses than has all the golden treasure the world has ever produced; but their longings are repulsed and smothered by the feelings which prevail against the free expression of love. Now, to all who believe in the influence of feelings, I would like to suggest the cultivation of such feelings as will fill the very air with happiness and love, and banish from the saddened hearts of all who come within its reach the sorrow and despair which is robbing life of all its charms. Try to remember that every time you hurt another's feelings you have set in motion one more unhappy vibration to react upon your own life and feelings and increase the sum total of the suffering and sorrow in the universe around you. And every time you relieve suffering and sorrow by expressions of affection, sympathy and love you destroy that vibration of painful feeling and prevent it from going any farther. Thus the more you create happiness around you the greater will your own happiness become.

J. A. GALLIE.

864 1/2 Howard street, San Francisco.

GOVERNMENT PRODUCES A NEW  
TRADE.

A San Francisco daily, this month, printed a three-line "ad." inviting anyone contemplating suicide to address Walter Osborne, Alexander Hotel, Paso Robles.

Osborne's reply to an applicant for information shows that he is ethically far ahead of our parsons and lawmakers; as far superior to them as a man must be who tries to lessen the cruel evils caused by the church and the state.

Judge ye:

"In answer to your letter, I will say that I propose to be of assistance to contemplative suicides in two ways:

"First—If possible, I will prevent them taking this fatal step by means of reasoning, based on knowledge and phi-

losophy, and by pointing out to them a solution of their difficulties.

"Second—If reason and argument fail, and if they still refuse to escape the fate they have planned, then I will give them the benefit of my scientific knowledge as an analytical chemist and show them how they can end life instantly and painlessly, and by a method which, while it NEVER FAILS, still does not require the amount of courage more severe methods do.

"I have had a wide personal experience in various parts of the world. My life has almost constantly been thrown in contact with the greatest depths of human misery. I have experienced, and have seen others experience, every shade of agony, shame and remorse. In my own life I never have 24 hours of consecutive peace of mind, and still I do not suicide. Why? Because I know the laws which govern my existence and how useless it would be. I know also that no matter how great our trouble, or our suffering, there is a way out of it, a remedy that will cause the clouds to roll back.

"If, however, you decline help, are determined to die, I can at least save you pain and enable you to end your existence in a scientific manner that will leave no trace of the cause of death. The verdict will be heart failure, and your friends' feelings will be spared.

"I will tell you how to take substances, easily obtained, and from them obtain a deadly gas that a single breath causes instant and painless death, leaving no trace of its cause.

"My charge for this knowledge is ten (\$10) dollars, but I assure you that I would rather give you my free advice than accept your money. Hoping to hear from you soon, I am your well wisher,  
WALTER OSBORNE.

"Peace be with you."

In support of my comparison between the suicide assister and the suicide-causers I would ask, how many parsons and lawmakers would rather give free advice than accept your money; or how many parsons would let you have hell rather than sacrifice ten dollars; and how many lawmakers would give up their living to save you from the jails and workhouses which they have caused to be crowded? And the great point in Osborne's favor is, he will not accept money until it is entirely useless to the owner of it! Judge ye.

This subject has supplied the San Francisco sensational press with pages of matter for three days (Dec. 10, 11, 12,) giving the opinions of assemblymen, etc., etc., all of them abusing Osborne for his simple, painless, and only immediate escape from the curses brought on the human race by church and state.

In connection with this I do not know if you think it worth while to republish "The Suicide Trust," which you printed Dec. 20, 1899.

The time is evidently ripe for the formation of such a corporation, but understand I will not accept any shares.

KINGHORN JONES.

36 Geary street, San Francisco.

## CRANKS AND FRANKS.

"All sorts and conditions of men" is a phrase out of the prayer book, but it takes us in, despite the strong feeling of some of our theologic acquaintance who would an' they could call down upon us fire from heaven—or up from the other place, no matter which; I notice they are not particular at all in their zeal to do God a service.

All sorts! Yes, and our beliefs are as various and diverse as ourselves and range from life to love, death to diet. Some of us at times are prone to think that we are equally at home in the framing of a door, a government or a



universe—and yet we well know that what we don't know about these matters, each in several, would, if set up and printed by our haloed typographer, form a sufficient library for a lonesome and athletic student.

Most people's minds are pretty well occupied on the matter of "diet," but just now we folk are more than usually concerned upon the subject, so much so that some of us forget the feed hour, and ever and anon fail to hear that tocsin of the soul, the dinner horn. With some it is no longer a question of fish, flesh or fowl? The matter of fruit or vegetables—which? is relegated to oblivion.

"To eat or not to eat?" that is the interrogation. The apple that Paris threw upon the banquet table of the gods caused no greater concern up yonder than a little magazine (entitled *A Stuffed Club*) which Dr. Tilden, of Denver, Colo., threw, by the hand of one G., upon our frugal board here.

Emerson says: "The creed is found in the biliary duct; if a man is dyspeptic he is a Calvinist; if not, then he is a Universalist." Personally, I have been a dyspeptic and a pessimist—now I am at least optimistic enough to believe there is a way out, and I am seeking it. Some time ago I read in *Occult Truths* that the way to be healthy and wealthy was to eat peanuts, and that sounded simple; then came Dr. Tilden and said eat only a shredded biscuit in half a glass of milk about once a week (I quote from memory), and that seemed easy; then one of our number went two days without food and declared he was all the better for it, while another declared that he had abstained for 22 days and suffered no inconvenience, and that seemed economical. There is a happy mean beyond a doubt. I am on the trail; expect my eureka! CRANK.

#### CHAINS.

BY NELLIE M. JERAULD.

#### CHAPTER XXII—Continued.

Carrol had suggested that they take the two motherless children, and Jane had said: "For the land's sake, Archer Carrol, what can you be thinkin' of? You know the boy never will amount to anything and the girl will only be an expense, for me to wait on and do for. No, I won't take them;" and that ended the matter.

Carrol had learned the uselessness of arguing when Jane "set her foot down," and, being peaceably disposed, said no more.

The family at Fairview farm had heard of the motherless little ones, and had come to the conclusion that they had room for them, so Rollin and Blossom took the carriage and went to see the father of the children. Being so near the Archer farm, of course they wanted to call on Carrol and his wife. Mary sent them some of her choicest poultry.

Jane knew of the Fairview people, as everyone for miles around had heard of the beauties of the place and of the genial people. Carrol had not talked much of them, for Jane was inclined to be jealous, and their manner of living

would be considered sinful, so he chose the line of least resistance and said nothing.

Jane was very much surprised one evening to see a carriage drive to her gate, and to see a tall, well-dressed gentleman alight and assist a young lady from the carriage.

"I wonder who they are? Some stylish city folks, I s'pose. My, aint she pretty?" Jane exclaimed as Rollin and Blossom started toward the house. When she opened the door in response to Rollin's knock, she was placed at her ease immediately by his cordial manner.

"Are you Mrs. Carrol? My name is Carr, and this is my daughter, Blossom."

In telling it afterward Jane said: "He took off his hat to me as though I was the queen, and his daughter said: 'What lovely flowers you have; and see, papa, there isn't a weed.'"

Jane did not know that good manners and tact combined would always win the good opinion of all. Rollin asked if Carrol was well; spoke of his being such a good worker; told of the chickens that Mary sent—"a lot of a new kind she thought you might like." Blossom asked to see her poultry, and soon she and Jane were chatting like old acquaintances. When they came back to the house Rollin told Jane why they had come and asked if the children were still homeless.

"Yes, I guess they are. Carrol wanted me to take them, but I'm no hand with children, and I knew they'd get a home somewhere."

When Rollin spoke of going over to see the father Jane said: "Wait till after supper and we can all go over. I want to take some eatables over."

When Carrol came in to supper his surprise was great to see Blossom in the kitchen and to hear the two women chatting so sociably while Jane set the table and fried the chicken, and he said: "Why, Blossom, did you fall from the skies?"

"No, I am not a fallen angel," Blossom laughingly answered.

"You'll never be prettier even when you are an angel," said Jane.

And then Carrol knew that Jane's heart was won. After a cordial greeting between Rollin and Carrol, and eating a hearty supper, and after the dishes were "done up," Blossom helping with that work, they went to Ford's—a generous hamper of provisions being stowed under the seat of the carriage. Mr. Ford had known of the Fairview people, had seen the place once, and was delighted to let Rollin have the children, and said: "Grant is a cripple, and can't do nothin' to earn his salt."

Rollin looked at the pale, sensitive face and saw the eyes fill with tears and the lips quiver with pain at the words. The boy knew that no one wanted him because he was a cripple.

"There are things that Grant can do that will be a great help. You will never be a burden, my boy," said Rollin as he patted the boy's head.

Blossom had Stella on her lap and a merry time they were having. The business was soon arranged. One more night with their father and then they would go to their new home. The hamper was brought in, and as Blossom kissed the children she said:

"Good night, not goodby, for I am coming in the morning to get my new brother and sister."

For the first time Jane felt that there was something worth getting besides money, and when Rollin and Blossom left the next morning it was with a well-filled lunch basket and a cordial invitation to come again.

"We will be glad to come but you and Carrol must come over to Fairview."

"We will as soon as the crops are gathered in."

It is not the purpose to follow the lives of Grant Ford and his sister Stella. They had a home and the love of the family. The boy would always be lame, but when his artistic ability was discovered he was given an opportunity to develop it, and his masterpiece, the one picture that he will not sell, is the one depicting a small bare room, in which Blossom sits with Stella on her lap. Every detail is faithfully pictured—the broken chairs; the stove, rusty and cracked; the curtainless window; the ragged dress of Stella and the rapt look on the child's face, and Blossom in her beauty. It is the best portrait she ever had, and Grant is as much in love with Blossom as, when a ragged, friendless boy, she kissed him and called him "brother." Stella and Mary's daughter, Margaret, were firm friends from the day of their arrival.

When the crops were gathered in Carrol and Jane made the promised visit to Fairview. Perhaps Carrol was not anxious to go. It might be that he wished Jane was a little more like the others of the family; if so, he did not manifest any such feeling. They came unannounced, but the welcome given them was none the less warm. Mary said:

"Carrol, my son, I am glad to see you; Jane, my daughter, you are very welcome. Father is at the Glen, I will telephone for him."

And when she said, through the phone, "Sam, Carrol and Jane are here, can you come home right away?" and when the answer came back, "Yes, as soon as I can," Jane thought "they are pretty nice people, after all."

Jennie won her heart entirely by her gracious greeting. A hearty welcome from Sam made her feel that she was one of the family. The supper table was like fairyland to her, and as she noted the pretty dresses, and the carefully arranged hair, she felt ill at ease, but no one seemed to notice her attire, and the supper-table talk was on topics that she could discuss with the rest. Her advice was asked regarding sundry household matters and recipes were requested. Carrol understood the people, and knew it was only tact and good breeding that kept the conversation within the narrow limits, and he chafed under the necessity.

That evening when they were gathered in the sittingroom Rollin said:

"We have been reading that social novel by N. G. Tchernychevsky, 'What's To Be Done?' but, as we are about half through, it would not be interesting to Carrol and Jane, so we will just have a good visit."

"Oh, you can go on reading and I can visit with Carrol's mother. I never read much," said Jane.

"I believe it would be more polite to our guests if we give up the reading and visit. I am anxious to learn how to make those preserves. Blossom has spoken of them so often since the visit with you." It was Jennie's quiet voice which spoke.

Carrol was thankful, but irritated, that it should be found necessary to cover his wife's defects. The visit was lengthened to two weeks. The Glen was explored. Jane saw the stock, the poultry, the conservatories. She went out riding with Sam. Every attention was shown her.

While Jane and Carrol were at the Glen Jennie's birthday anniversary was celebrated. They were to have an oyster supper at the Glen. Blossom and Mary had been consulting together, and after the last talk Blossom said "I am going to risk it," and that afternoon she said to Jane "Please come to my room a little while; I have something to show you."

Jane went with Blossom, and when they were in the room Blossom said:

"Jane, you have lovely hair. I want you to let me fix it for you tonight. If you do not like it after I get it done you need not wear it so."

And the hair was taken down and brushed thoroughly and massed on top of the head, being naturally curly a few short tresses were curled over the forehead. While Blossom's deft fingers were at work she chatted pleasantly, speaking of the soft, abundant hair, the bright eyes and heavy eyebrows.

"You really don't know, Jane, how well you look; as Aunt Marian says, you are not aware of your possibilities. No, don't look at yourself yet. I wanted to give you something to take home with you for Christmas, but you have so much more money than I have that at first I could not think what to give you, but I finally concluded to get you a dress, and as you and mama are nearly the same size we fitted it on her. Won't you please put it on? and if you want it changed in any way we will do it before you go home," and Blossom brought her a navy blue silk, with dainty lace in neck and sleeves.

At first, as Blossom saw the tightly closed lips, she was afraid that Jane was mortally offended, but following the impulse of her heart, she put her arms around Jane and said:

"Now, Jane, we were all going to dress in honor of mama's party, and I knew that you had not brought your best clothes with you."

"It wasn't that, Blossom," said Jane in a choked voice.

She put the dress on and then looked in the mirror. Could that be Jane Pettigrew? The woman in the glass was a tall, stately, very nice looking woman. She studied the features a few moments and then said:

"I'll be honest with you, Blossom. I came over here thinking I was honoring you and your whole family by coming. I hadn't been here very long until I saw the difference between us. I have learned some things. Yes, I will wear the dress and will leave my hair this way, and thank you, dear."

Jane went to the room which she and Carrol had occupied. She longed for Carrol, yet she dreaded his coming. He had been over to the Glen with his father, and had been helping with the decorations. He wished he had not consented to stay, for he knew how they would "fix up," and he thought of Jane's attire. "Dress does count more than I thought it did," he said to himself as he mounted the stairs to go to their room. When he opened the door he saw a person, whom he thought to be



one of the guests, standing looking out of the window and he said:

"Excuse me, I thought this was my room."

"It is our room, Carrol," said a familiar voice, and his wife turned from the window.

He looked at her in amazement; could that be Jane?

"Well, don't you know me?" And then, to his surprise, she went to him and said: "Carrol, I'm going to do differently. There are other things besides money, and," (as she looked at him shyly), "I want to get some of those other things."

Carrol did not know just what she meant, but, obeying a sudden impulse, he put his arm around her, drew her to him and kissed her.

"I am glad we came, Carrol," Jane said.

"So am I, Jane."

It was with some trepidation that Jane went downstairs, but she need not have feared, for she was received with the same polite courtesy that had characterized all her treatment at their hands, and ere many minutes she was at her ease.

(To be continued.)

#### ASSOCIATION NOTES.

C. H. Cheyse is out again after nearly a week in the house. He was quite sick.

Friend Heiman has gone to work in earnest. He has ordered a grubhoe, shovel, axe, saw, etc., and he will first clear a place for a temporary house. He has selected a lot next to A. J. Pope's. He will have a fine view of the bay, and when his lot is cleared will have a nice site for a home. It will require pluck and perseverance to do what he intends, but he is equal to the task if he so wills.

Some of our people met on last Wednesday evening to form a library association for the purpose of increasing and taking care of the Home library. It was decided to call it the Home Library Association, and the following officers were elected: President, S. B. Huber; vice president, Fannie Minor; secretary, Anna G. Huber; corresponding secretary, Olive K. Smith; treasurer, M. V. Dadisman; librarian, C. H. Cheyse.

Thursday evening was a rainy and stormy night but that did not prevent nearly everyone at Home from making their way to the schoolhouse on the invitation of Kate Cheyse and Gertrude Mellinger, our teachers, to listen to an entertainment by the children. The three months term has just ended and they will have two weeks vacation. Considering the great difficulties under which they labored, it is remarkable how well everything passed off. The little tots showed careful training, while the choruses of the older ones were given in a very pleasing manner. G. H. Allen (violin), Harry Winter (flute), Olive K. Smith (guitar), played with the singers. We hope soon to have a hall where we can have better opportunity for our gatherings. The young folks danced an hour or more before going home.

The land owned by the Mutual Home Association is located on an arm of Henderson bay known locally as Joes bay,

and is 13 miles west from Tacoma on an air line, but the steamer route is about 20 miles.

The association is simply a land-holding institution, and can take no part in the starting of an industry. All industries are inaugurated by the members interested and those willing to help them. Streets are not opened yet and we have no sidewalks. Those thinking of coming here must expect to work, as it is not an easy task to clear this land and get it in condition for cultivation. There are 72 people here—21 men, 19 women and 32 children. We are not living communistic, but there is nothing in our articles of incorporation and agreement to prohibit any number of persons from living in that manner if they desire to do so. Those writing for information will please inclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope for reply.

#### WILL LECTURE ON THE WAY.

As Free Society is about to move to Chicago shortly, it being deemed that that city is a better habitat than San Francisco, our friend and comrade James F. Morton, Jr., is preparing to stop off and visit places en route, for the purpose of propaganda; he is ready and willing to lecture on about every conceivable reform topic, and those who have had the pleasure and profit of hearing him discourse upon any of the subjects akin to the one great root, springing eternal in his heart—THE LOVE OF LIBERTY, AND, THEREFORE, THE LIBERTY OF LOVE—need no mention of his ability and power to impress the average man and woman, and these are they whom we need and must reach. Friend Morton will start east some time in January, so send in your requests and dates and let him get to arranging his itinerary. Below is a partial list of his lectures, but he is prepared to handle, up to the full measure of his ability, any literary or philosophical question, by special arrangement beforehand. Comrades, friends, now is your chance to hear one of the most persuasive propagandists in our movement—if you want to. Address him at 236 Clinton Park, San Francisco, Calif.

"The Essence of Liberalism."  
"Religious Liberty and Its Foes."  
"What Liberty Means."  
"Social Ideals."  
"Why I Am an Anarchist."  
"The Battle for Free Speech."  
"The Meaning of Sex Freedom."  
"The Basis of Brotherhood."  
"Trades Unionism."  
"The Rights of Labor."

#### HOW TO GET TO HOME.

All those intending to make us a visit will come to Tacoma and take the steamer TYPHOON for HOME. The steamer leaves Commercial dock on Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 1 p. m. Leaves Sunday at 8 a. m. Be sure to ask the captain to let you off at HOME.

#### RECEIPTS.

O'Day \$1, Wilson 60c, Clark 50c, Winter 50c, Chase 50c, Bernarding 26c, Bryant 25c, Gillie 20c.

#### AGENTS WANTED

To introduce our Lightning Grease Remover Will remove grease, paint, oil, etc., from clothing, silk, etc. Every package guaranteed to do as represented or money refunded. Cannot be equaled as a kid glove cleanser. Sample outfit 25 cts. Address N. M. JERAULD, South California, Ala.

#### What Shall We Do To Be Saved

From the bells that plutocracy is preparing for us? Send us 25 cents in coin or postage stamps for a copy of "Regeneration of Society" and three other pamphlets that give rational answers to the above question, and at the same time receive a free trial subscription for 13 weeks to Lucifer, the Light Bearer, a radical, wide-awake, fearless, up-to-date, eight page weekly journal. The Light Bearer Publishing Company, 500 Fulton street, Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.

## BOOKS AND PAMPHLETS FOR SALE BY DISCONTENT

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Moribund Society and Anarchy. By Jean Grave. 25  
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Appendix: Anthropology and Monogamy; Love and Trust versus Fear; Reflections upon reading William Platt's "Women, Love and Life."  
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BY GRANT ALLEN.

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is not in magic potions, "specifics" or electric clasp-trap, but only in WISDOM—THE SCIENCE OF HEALTH. Wise men study nature, shun disease, learn to maintain vigor and regain it by reading the most complete book of Medical, Social, Sexual Science, by an eminent physician of 35 years experience. The "old, original, standard" work, endorsed by all, imitated by many, equalled by none. Inspired by wish to aid humanity, it has providentially saved thousands. Its essays on marriage, parentage, adaptation, marital failures, etc., are of incalculable value to all now married or who ever expect to be. The last edition has 1,000 pages, 3 colored charts of vital organs, 200 wood cuts, 21 chromos showing origin of life—development of man. APPENDIX has over 200 Recipes. Only \$1.50 by Mail; Circulars Free. MURRAY HILL BOOK CO., 129 E. 28th St., N. Y. LIBERAL DISCOUNTS TO AGENTS. The new edition with its brilliant illustrations and practical prescriptions sells at sight; there is nothing to compete with it in quantity, quality and price. An agent ordering 100 writes: "I have taken 78 orders in 7 days. PLAIN HOME TALK stands at the head."

#### AGENTS FOR DISCONTENT.

San Francisco—L. Nylen, 26 Lewis st.  
Honolulu—A. Klemencic, P. O. Box 800.

## A PHYSICIAN IN THE HOUSE!

A NEW FAMILY MEDICAL WORK

BY DR. J. H. GREER.

This book is up-to-date in every particular. It will save you HUNDREDS OF DOLLARS in doctors' bills. It tells you how to CURE YOURSELF by simple and harmless home remedies. It recommends NO POISONOUS OR DANGEROUS DRUGS. It teaches simple COMMON SENSE METHODS in accordance with Nature's laws. It does not indorse dangerous experiments with the surgeon's KNIFE. It teaches how to save health and LIFE by safe methods. It is entirely free from TECHNICAL RUBBISH. It teaches PREVENTION—that it is better to know HOW TO LIVE and AVOID DISEASE than to take any medicine as a cure. It teaches how typhoid and other fevers can be both PREVENTED and CURED. It gives the best known treatment for LA GRIPPE, DIPHTHERIA, CATARRH, CONSUMPTION, APPENDICITIS, and every other disease. It is the best medical book for the home yet produced. It is not an ADVERTISEMENT and has NO MEDICINE to sell. It tells you how to live that you may PROLONG LIFE. It opposes medical fads of all kinds and makes uncompromising WAR ON VACCINATION and the use of ANTI-TOXINE. It has hundreds of excellent receipts for the cure of various diseases. It has 16 COLORED PLATES, showing different parts of the human body. The chapter on PAINLESS MIDWIFERY is worth its weight in gold to women. It has a large number of valuable illustrations. THE CARE OF CHILDREN is something every mother ought to read. It teaches the value of AIR, SUNSHINE and WATER as medicines. It contains valuable INFORMATION for the MARRIED. It advises people with regard to marriage—tells who should and who should not marry. Those CONTEMPLATING MARRIAGE should get this book at once. This book has 800 pages, is neatly bound in cloth and will be sent to any address for \$2.75.

#### ORDER OF DISCONTENT.

#### Articles of Incorporation and Agreement of the Mutual Home Association.

Be it remembered, that on this 17th day of January, 1898, we, the undersigned, have associated ourselves together for the purpose of forming a corporation under the laws of the State of Washington.

That the name of the corporation shall be The Mutual Home Association.

The purpose of the association is to assist its members in obtaining and building homes for themselves and to aid in establishing better social and moral conditions.

The location of this corporation shall be at Home, located on Joes Bay, Pierce County, State of Washington; and this association may establish in other places in this state branches of the same where two or more persons may wish to locate.

Any person may become a member of this association by paying into the treasury a sum equal to the cost of the land he or she may select, and one dollar for a certificate, and subscribing to this agreement.

The affairs of this association shall be conducted by a board of trustees, elected as may be provided for by the by-laws.

A certificate of membership shall entitle the legal holder to the use and occupancy of not less than one acre of land nor more than two (less all public streets) upon payment annually into the treasury of the association a sum equal to the taxes assessed against the tract of land he or she may hold.

All money received from memberships shall be used only for the purpose of purchasing land. The real estate of this association shall never be sold, mortgaged or disposed of, without the unanimous vote of all members of this association shall be required to change these articles of incorporation.

No officer, or other person, shall ever be empowered to contract any debt in the name of this association.

All certificates of membership shall be for life.

Upon the death of any member a certificate of membership shall be issued covering the land described in certificate of membership of deceased.

First: To person named in will or bequest.  
Second: Wife or husband.  
Third: Children of deceased; if there is more than one child they must decide for themselves.

All improvements upon land covered by certificate of membership shall be personal property, and the association as such has no claim thereto.

Any member has the right of choice of any land not already chosen or set aside for a special purpose.

**CERTIFICATE OF MEMBERSHIP.**  
This is to certify that has subscribed to the articles of incorporation and agreement and paid into the treasury of the Mutual Home Association the sum of . . . dollars, which entitles . . . to the use and occupancy for life of lot . . . block . . . as platted by the association, upon complying with the articles of agreement.

**FREE SOCIETY**, an advocate of Anarchist Communism. 50 cents a year. 236 Clinton Park, San Francisco, Calif.

SEND 10 CENTS for specimens of 10 literal papers and 10 tracts, circulars and sample of stocking yarn, or 3 cents for a copy of "Little Freebinker." Elmina Drake Slenker, Snowville, Va.